

BY H. F. G.

### Wm. Moffatt Receives Letter From a French Soldier

## The King's Highway

When moonlight flecks the cruiser's decks  
And engines rumble slow,  
When Drake's own star is bright above  
And time has gone below,  
They may hear who list the far-off sound  
Of a long-dead never-dead mirth,  
In the mid watch still they may hear who  
will  
The song the Larboard Berth.

In a dandy frigate or a well-found brig,  
In a sloop or a seventy-four,  
In a great First-rate with an Admiral's flag,  
And a hundred guns or more,  
In a fair light air, in a dead foul wind,  
At midnight or midday,  
Till the good ship sink her mids shall drink  
To the King and the King's Highway!

The mids they hear—no fear, no fear!  
They know their own ship's ghost:  
Their young blood beats to the same old song  
And roars to the same old toast.  
So long as the sea-wind blows unbound  
And the sea-wave breaks in spray,  
For the Island's sons the word still runs  
"The King, and the King's Highway!"

He is "Prisonier de Guerre" in Germany. Besancon is back in line after being wounded twice.

Do you remember in London when we all discussed probable wars and possible allies and quarrelled over the results. I believe that those very discussions foretold what will happen. The Swiss, (you remember the man who yodelled) was a German at the heart and I believe many Swiss are the same.

The Italian was with us even then and I always thought of Bassi while waiting for the Italian to join the Allies. I think that as he thought

When starting in August last year, I could not imagine what a war was, nor know, it is terrible, not the fighting itself as it is rare that we can come across "corpses a corpse" the artillery from each side prevents it before we go forward out of our lines, we are fully "arrose" with shrapnel and bullets of all kinds. The same thing happens to the Boches and I believe they are rather unhappy than we are. Well, it is quite true, we must do our best to the bitter end. The Boches are begun as you know and did so cruel things that they deserve to be chastised.

Here we are waiting orders to go forward. I believe however this will not be for this year. We probably shall have to stay in Argonne for all the winter. This makes me remember the stories I read when I was a boy. The Trappers of Orkensas and several others of Maine Reid, Gustave Oimond and Fenimore Cooper. Up till December last year, we could make transmons and reconaissance.

For the present I am living in a little hut like a hole for rabbits "niche à lapins". It is not raising too much trouble and I have not much to complain about it, only the draft. This has made me have a cold. It will train me for next winter.

Now I pray God he allows me to be among the "Defenceurs" the longest

possible. Perhaps shall I see the  
happy day of victory.

One thing certain, we will not make any spectacular advance as Napoleon

But fight metre after metre.  
Well my friend I must close. I  
write so at length, as I am "in reserve"  
in the forest of Argonne. I smiled  
when you said you never could find  
out where your friend in the Alberta  
Dragoons, was fighting. Only once  
did I see any Canadian horse. That  
was at Ypres when the Boches first  
used gas. A line of horses rode in the  
distance like swallows, and as fast.  
A rider for our own ligne, said to me  
in my own language Look! See! Those  
are Canadian horses. Only that have  
seen of your soldiers. How can I have  
more when I am living as lives the  
"lapin" burroughed in the forest of  
Argonne? Please write again, soon  
and long.

Your sincere friend,  
HENRI DOL, Sergeant,  
131e de Ligne, 6e Cie

## "THE GIRL FROM NOWHERE"

The three stars of *Clareholm* were given somewhat of a royal treat, at the I. O. O. F. Opera House, Tuesday evening, when F. Stuart-Whitely presented the "Versatile" Operatic Company in the two musical comedies, *Good Night from Nowhere* and *My Girl from Cliché*. The leading lady, Miss Clara Cliché, and the leading man, Bill and David, who took the role of Septimus Jones, the defective, a comedian, are both stars, and it is seldom that towns the size of Clareholm have the opportunity of seeing such actors and actresses. The operatic company has spared no pains in giving the patrons a night of entertainment at a reasonable price. This musical comedy was without question one of the most humorous attractions that has been played here for sometime. And at the hands of Mr. Stuart-Whitely's star company, the operatic company has been a real offering may be said to have been a great success.

The other day when an auto horn tooted, a quiet looking man jumped and looked about in a startled manner. When asked what troubled him, he replied that a few weeks ago a fellow eloped with his wife in an automobile and every time he heard a horn toot he was afraid the man was bringing back.

### A Letter from Former Leader of Claresholm Band

The following very interesting letter was received last week, by Mrs. Larkin from her husband R. M. Larkin who is with the 31st battalion now in France. This letter was written just before he left training camp in England. It will be remembered that Mr. Larkin was the popular leader of the Claresholm band at the time of his enlistment.

Otterpool, England.,  
 September 3, 1915.  
 Dear Wife and Son:—

I received your letter and am glad to hear you are both well. You will be glad to hear that I am also in the best of health.

As I have the time now and as we expect to leave for somewhere at the front at a moment's notice. I thought perhaps you would like to hear all about our trip and experience since we left Canada.

Our trip across the Atlantic was not of the best, although the weather was good and the sea calm, but we were frightfully overcrowded and the food was anything but good. However we were prepared for this and everyone took all these inconveniences in a most cheerful spirit. We were unescorted until we saw the shores of England, but evidently German submarines were after us for we steered a southerly course and came across the Bay of Biscay. We reached England on a beautiful sunny day and everyone was delighted to see land once more especially the green fields and rich red loam of Devonshire. We received a most hearty welcome from everyone, from the small sailing boats which came out of Plymouth Harbour to meet us, to the large naval training ships crowded

with future midshipmen at Dartmouth. Everyone all along the line greeted us with just as much enthusiasm, and it made us feel a little comforted for having left home and family when such signs of gratitude were shown.

The sight of green fields and trees excited many of us and "Scotty" Cannon could not keep his seat for excitement. "Oh, Bob, what do you think of God's country?" he kept on saying, quite forgetting the existence of Scotland for the time being. We were taken straight through to Falkenstein where we dis-entrained and marched to our camp at Dibratze, about five miles away. Here we had our first taste of tent life and judging from the appearance of us all it is certainly a healthy one. The whole Canadian Second Division was near us and also the Reserve Battalions of those now in France. The Canadians have sure made a name for themselves and we are made welcome everywhere as a result.

We stayed at Dibgate about a month when we marched to Lydd, where we took our quarters for three weeks while we went through our Musketry Course. The Ross Rifle apparently proved satisfactory as we are still using it. From Lydd we came here to Otterpool, where we have done Brigade and Divisional manoeuvres.

We have been inspected on several occasions; first by Premier Borden; then by Bonar Law, the Colonial secretary; the Duchess of Teck also inspected us, and yesterday we were finally reviewed by the King and Lord Kitchener. We shall possibly be going to France, or the Dardanelles, next week.

ny best regards and tell them to stick together and practice all the time as we shall want them to play us from the depot when we return home. The brigade band, which will be the only one to go to the front, will be made up-out of each Battalion and I am one out of the two chosen from the 31st.

All the Clareschool boys are well and send you their kind regards. We think and talk of Clareschool every day. "Scotty" Connon continues in his old ways and manages to get off more parades for no money than anyone else in the battalion. Private Pat Gallagher spends most of his time being late for parade and crawling on his stomach on scouting expeditions. Bobbie Forbes and Art Groves

tell me there are no places like London and Edinburgh. They must know as they have just been away for a week. Unfortunately we have not been able to keep together as much as we should have liked, for several reasons. We lost Barrie Gates several months ago. He joined the Roughriders, who are now in France, and we are to lose shortly Sergeant R. D. Miles and Corporal T. de C. Fallo, who are both getting their commissions in the Imperial Army. From the dreamy look in his eyes, Corporal Jimmy Provost evidently, thinks frequently of Clare-

I don't think I have any more news at present. We hope to be with you all again twelve months from now at the latest.

With love to to you both, I remain,  
BOB.

## PATRIOTIC DANCE

A very successful dance was given in the I. O. O. F. Hall last Friday evening under the auspices of the the Ladies' Patriotic Aid. The Hall was very prettily decorated in patriotic colors. Even the leader of the orchestra, Mr. Newton, of Macleod, wore a patriotic tie. He was assisted with the music by Mr. McLaren, also of Macleod and W. R. Shanks, of Claresholm. They rendered the music with great time and snap, which was appreciated by the merry dancers.

Ico-cream and lemonade were sold during the evening and at midnight a most enjoyable supper was served.

One of the ladies made a very delicious fruit cake, beautifully decorated in patriotic effect. Guesses on the weight of this cake were sold during the evening, which added much interest and amusement to the evening's pleasure.

From a financial stand point, the bazaar was more than a success, over seventy-one dollars having been cleared which has been turned over to the Patriotic and Relief Fund. The ladies appreciate the very kind and liberal way in which everyone gave them their support.

### Retail Merchants of Province May Soon Sell for Cash Only

There is some talk among the retail merchants in this province, about adopting the cash system in selling. Meetings have been held in some of the towns, with a view to threshing out the advantages and disadvantages of the scheme, before coming to any decision. Judging from reports, the majority of the retail merchants favor doing away with book accounts and selling their wares for cash only.

The cash system is undoubtedly the better plan, and the buyer ultimately derives the benefit of the system. Every merchant can sell goods cheaper, when he sells them for cash, than when he sells them for notes. He pays cash for his goods and never owes a dollar on bad accounts than he merchant who carries thousands of dollars on his books and has to pay for the interest of the money he has paid from his wholesaler.

The mail order houses have cut in on business in Western Canada to a great extent, and thousands of dollars in cash are sent to these concerns annually. Taking this into consideration, the local merchant might reasonably sell for cash also, and then be able to cut his margin of profit to a minimum. The cash system is superior, it is said, to the note system, and it is true that the latter will put down a hard and fast rule to the effect that no sale will be made without the cash being paid.

Whether the Claresholm merchants will consider this plan or not, is not known, but if other towns take the step, I find the results to be satisfactory. It is quite possible that the movement will spread.

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Say, young man, you who are so ready to call everybody that don't suit you a hypocrite, would it not be just as well to look up your own landing? A man who keeps his own record as it should be has not very much time to devote to the faults of others, and to go out of the way to make attacks on other people.





















